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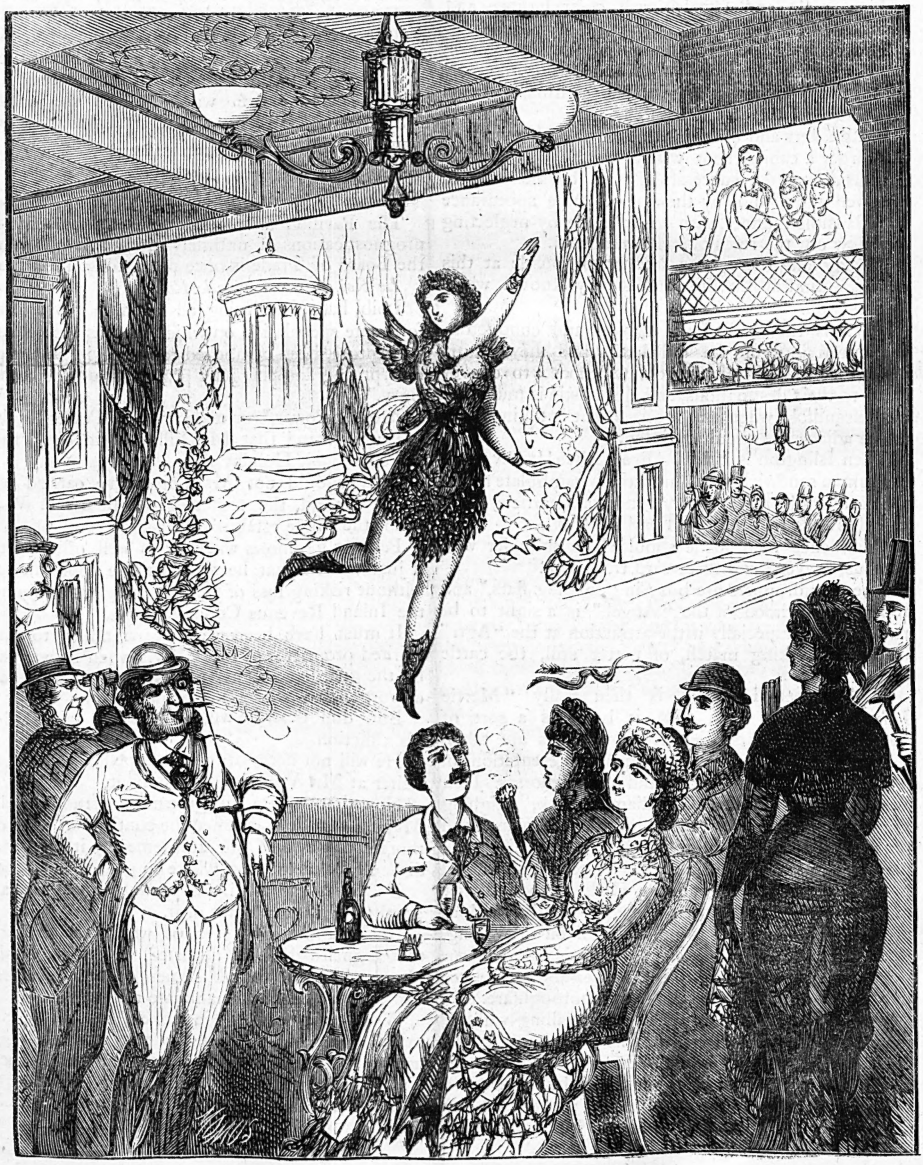

VILLIERS TO THE RESCUE.—LOIBL'S LAMENT.

STREET CORNERS OF LONDON LIFE.

No. III.—The Angel at Islington.

I call the corner I have chosen this week, the "Angel" at Islington, that being its well-known cognomen, but, strictly speaking, it is the "Angel" at Clerkenwell.

Recently rebuilt, the "Angel" towers palatially at the corner of Pentonville Hill and High Street, as a proof of what a successful business is that of the publican.

It is not my intention to enter the building, but to describe what passes and occurs outside.

One of the principal features is that the corner is a stoppage point for an innumerable quantity of omnibuses, and, therefore, a capital "pitch" for itinerants of all kinds. Girls with buttonhole flowers; newspaper boys with the last number of *London Life*; urchins, male and female, with cigar lights; and members of the shoeblack brigade.

This congregation gives the police some trouble in the way of "moving on," but they are not the only ones upon which the eyes of the guardians of the peace have to keep a strict watch.

Pickpockets and omnibus thieves of both sexes find the corner a capital spot where they can carry on the business, often successfully plied by members of the swell mob, who, by their respectable appearance and plausible manner, earn a tidy living by neglecting to follow out the rules of *meum and tuum*.

All day long there is an amount of bustle at this corner, a kind of hubbub that is only known where 'busses stop.

There is the chaff of the drivers and conductors, the uncertainty of the old ladies and the country joskins as to the right vehicle to choose to convey them to their destinations, and this bustle is multiplied a thousandfold when any special event is taking place at the adjacent Agricultural Hall.

Then Islington is indeed Alive! Alive!! Alive!!!

Human sandwiches by hundreds perambulate round the corner, advertising every conceivable article, from Cockle's Pills to Thorley's Food for Cattle.

Confidence men jostle shoulder to shoulder with parsons, lawyers, and three-card trick men.

The ring droppers are busy in "copping flats," and the neighbourhood of the "Angel" is a sight to be remembered, especially if the attraction at the "Agri" be a big walking match, or better still, the cattle show.

High Street, Islington, is then really "Merrie Islington," more than that, it becomes a sort of Bartlemy fair. First-floor front windows are taken out to allow of the display of canvas representations of learned pigs, living skeletons, and hairless horses. Jack Reeves sends down a Canadian bullock, weighing hundredweights, instead of stones. Dwarfs, giants, and fat women become prolific. Bill deliverers distribute handbills in such quantities that by taking all offered between the "Angel" and the Hall, a good dinner might be procured for their waste paper value, and, as the morning gives way to noon, and noon to evening, then High Street, Islington, begins to lose its charm of respectability, through the super-abundance of nymphs of the pave, who infest the thoroughfare.

Gay women seem to pursue their calling without much hindrance on the part of the police, and are an abominable nuisance to all respectable wayfarers, and a complete pest to the neighbourhood, but even these are surpassed by the annoyances perpetrated by hundreds of hobbledehoy lads, of from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who consort in gangs, howling, hooting, and pushing along the pavements.

No decent girl is safe from their impertinent and indecent jokes, and we are glad to find, that in some instances, they have been arrested and justly punished. But, on the other hand, the greater part escape, through the natural disinclination of a modest and virtuous girl to go through the ordeal of giving disgusting evidence before the magistrates.

It is along the broad pavement, between the "Angel" and the "Green," that these young vagabonds hold their reign of terror, a reign that lasts in spite of vigilance committees.

Some of these days, an indignant parent, or a plucky brother, will give one or two of these cads a proper thrashing, and, as all the gang are cowards, this mode of action may have the desired effect.

We cross the Green to look in at that well-conducted bijou of a place of entertainment, known as Sam Collins' Music Hall, we drop in at the Agri., the Phil., or Deacon's, all of which are in the neighbourhood; and finally, after a nightcap of the really good liquor dispensed in the hotel, we jump upon a Favourite 'bus, and say adieu to the "Angel" at Islington.

Next Sunday we will stroll to the corner of Houndsditch, and have a look at Petticoat Lane.

THE "PAV." SURVIVES.

The Pavilion after its frequent threatenings and prognostications of untimely murder at the hands of the Board of Trade is once more to be resuscitated.

Le Roi est Mort, vive le Roi.

Loibl has, after losing all his money over the unfortunate speculation on which he was foolish enough to venture, been compelled to resign in favour of the enterprising and energetic proprietor of the "Canterbury."

More "Power," or more "Nelly Power" to him.

I understand that Mr. Villiers will open the old place on Bank Holiday next.

Why should not Mr. Loibl have carried on the business until the remorseless "Board of Works" swept the whole establishment away.

Perhaps he knows when he is well off, and thinks it just as well that he should retire upon his laurels without risking loss of license and loss of money to the Inland Revenue Commissioners.

It must have been very heartrending to the late spirited proprietor of the "Pav." when he was tackled by the guardians of her Majesty's purse and made to disgorge.

But, doubtless, he will have some consolation in his affliction.

He will not necessarily be compelled to officiate as waiter at Mr. Villier's establishment.

Now that we are all grown so virtuous, and that Major Lyons has assumed the control not only of our morals, but also of our amusements, it is somewhat difficult for us to know where to go to.

Dr. Kahn had his innings, and, doubtless, a very good thing he made out of it.

But he could only give us wax work. But now that Bignell's glory has departed, we get r a' flesh and blood at the same establishment, where formerly we had only a feeble and inanimate representation.

What with "conscience money," as is is the custom to call what you don't want to pay, but are obliged to pay, and what with such unkind people as the proprietor of a place in Theobalds' Road, and a still worse villain from over the water, Mr. Loibl has doubtless been sorely distressed in his mind.

But he has doubtless some consolation in his grief, and I will here wind up with a ditty on "Loibi's Lament" over departed greatness.

The "Board of Works" pounced like a wolf on that fold
Of immaculate lambs, whom that warrior bold,
"Major-Lyons" is given to terribly scold,
And lecture so very severely, but hold,
I really must think that somewhere I've been told,
The Major is more like a woman that's old,
And like other old women left out in the cold,
Grown spiteful, and anxious the knell to have tolled
Of all that is jolly, and away have them rolled,
And make us all monks that are hooded and stole'd,
Or else that the walls of the "Strand" should enfold
Alone those who ever might wish to behold
London Life, which we know is so highly extolled,
By those who might ever have chanced to have strolled
With Jester, to visit the "Pav." that's now sold,
And with the unlicensed at last he's enrolled,
Like Bignell, but yet a tale I'd unfold,
Though tears down his cheeks, no doubt may have rolled,
That somehow his terrible grief he controlled.
And softly he whispered "I'll try to be consoled,
With a hundred and seventeen thousand in gold.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

The open frank nature of the English has for ages revolted at the practices of Jesuitry, and no rag is so red to John Bull as the rumours and reports which continually circulate concerning this morbid-minded brotherhood. The lunacy of poor honest Mr. Whalley upon this subject was but an exaggerated form of the feeling which exists with varying intensity in the minds of every English man and woman.

The secrecy and persistency with which the Jesuits strive to entrap the religious sentiments of the English Church, and to force their lewdly framed and viciously suggestive rules of conduct upon the church-going public constitute a standing danger to the honest and virtuous of every congregation.

Once again the enemy is stealing upon us, and the cries which are constantly being raised concerning the institution of the confessional in so-called protestant churches shows that it is again necessary to rise and expel the enemy by force.

A slight sketch of the motives and professed tenets of these religious harpies may not be out of place.

In times when education was not so widespread as at present, when a knight's pen was his sword, and a Lord Chamberlain's signature, a clumsily constructed ×, the Jesuits were the most powerful of the sects who sought to influence the people by moral pressure as opposed to physical force. Unfortunately the possession of so much power engendered the abuse of it, and the society, founded as its name testifies, to carry into effect the teaching of Jesus Christ, became in fact, one of the chief instruments of the devil in degrading and vitiating the minds of its votaries.

Its priests, who professed the most rigid and emasculated virtue, let loose in secret their vile and degraded passions to an unbounded extent.

The convent became the hostelry of the friars, and the abbesses the mistresses of the presiding abbots.

Not content with exercising their vices in secret, and amongst their own calling, the friars, than whom a more degraded body of men never existed, made use of the confessional box to entrap more victims. The beautiful but ignorant peasantry, as well as the rich and more accomplished ladies alike, fell into the snare, and in seeking absolution for their frivolities fell a prey to the defiling and subtle influence of the man of God. From that time to this the one watchword of the Jesuits has been power. The spread of education has done much to loosen their hold upon the minds of the English people, and of late years their power has almost been destroyed. Still they return to the fight, and in our unwatched moments are ever ready to betray us.

In several churches in London that standard of the Jesuits, the "confessional box," has been already hoisted. Behind this box stands at all hours a professed protestant priest, the bloated body, and sensual face,—a type which all our readers must have noticed amongst the High Church Clergy—all indicating the secret voluptuary. To this ghoul come in flocks young women, some pure minded and chaste, others prurient and loose, to relieve their minds of the burden of sin with which they appear to be loaded.

To all these, questions are put of the most indecent and horrible type, and penances enjoined of a still more revolting and utterly indescribable nature.

Those who enter the confessional-box, ignorant of the depths of iniquity to which the human heart can sink, fall easy preys to these priestly roués, and in the full belief in the power and infallability of their directors, submit themselves to their dealings with the purest innocence, and only discover that they have been betrayed, when both mind and body have been utterly degraded by their foul confessors.

The secrecy of the confessional is supposed to be inviolable, but we are well aware of more than one instance, where the information received in a confession box has been employed in a most unwarrantable manner.

Another amusing case may serve to illustrate the manner in which quite unintentionally the secrets of the confessional may be revealed, and to warn our readers against committing their secret sins to the care of even the most well-meaning priest.

A number of gentlemen were discussing the revelations made in the confessional in a general way, and many opinions were expressed as to the enormity of the crimes therein disclosed. Father S——, who was present, entering into the conversation, and referring to a certain error in morals which must be nameless, observed that the very first person he had ever confessed had greatly shocked him by confessing to some of the most horrible crimes possible for man to commit, amongst them being the one under discussion.

Hardly had he completed his statement than the door opened, and the Comte d'A—— was announced.

Looking round the circle assembled, the Count recognised the Father, and advancing to him, shook him warmly by the hand, observing as he did so, "You must surely recollect me well, Father S——, for I was the very first person who ever confessed to you."

The annoyance of the Father may well be imagined, and the Count had afterwards good reason to regret having made a confidant of the reckless priest.

In conclusion, we can only advise our readers who may feel anxious to unburden their sins, to hesitate long—very long—before committing them to any branch of the clergy, Protestant or Roman Catholic.

The English high church priest is generally a man of poor education, the dregs of the Tripos, the tail-end of the class exams. Eager to make up for his want of brains, he introduces all manner of clap-trap into his services, so as to attract the giddy with his gaudy devices. His religion is a religion of the eye and the senses, and not of the heart and soul.

If a poor sinner, unable to bear the weight of conscience, laden with wicked thoughts, evil desires, and such like must reveal his secret, let him follow the example of Midas, and whisper his tale to the earth, in the full assurance that the days of "asses' ears" on men's heads are no longer real, though occasionally well served in the metaphor.

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 1879.

THE JESTER has been told that he has been "blown up" by the "Whispers on the Wind;" but he don't care, he was not blown too far to be able to appear before the readers of "London Life," and make his recantation.

* *

He will have nothing to do any more with "Peace Honour."

* *

In fact he does not know what it means.

* *

He is only a clown, and has no business to interfere with politics.

* *

He is going in for the "confidence trick."

* *

But he won't try it on for the first time on a "Yankee Parson."

* *

Fancy Henry Ward Beecher being had like that.

* *

Is it likely? Not to-day, baker; call again to-morrow, and bring something else.

* * *

Now, fool as he is, the Jester is not fool enough, either, to be taken in by any such exploded trick, or to have any sympathy with those who are victimised by the clumsy villiany of these "Men of the World," who have over and over again been exposed in the columns of this paper.

* * *

What is the secret of these men who are continually prowling about on the look-out for flats?

* * *

The real truth is, that what they trade on is the innate but undeveloped scoundrelism of their dupes.

* * *

These poor fools think that *they* have got hold of a fool, and are about to fleece *him*, and it says wonders for the tact and insight into human nature of these men, that they somehow manage to pitch upon the exact man to suit their purpose.

* * *

The "three card trick," the "confidence trick," and all the other devices these fellows resort to, show us one common feature.

* * *

The victim thinks himself cleverer than the rogue, and imagines that he is going to best him.

* * *

Punish the rogue by all means, but certainly do not sympathise with the Yankee parson, or the country yokel, who was quite willing to be a rogue, as big as the man he locks up, but lacked the ingenuity to carry out his designs.

* * * *

I have seen no improvement in the way in which the traffic is regulated in the neighbourhood of the "Elephant and Castle,"

* * *

"Snowball" has retired from the gay and festive scene, and has taken to something stronger than "white satin;" we hope she likes it. But her place having been left vacant, has enticed a score I was going to say, but I ought to have said scores, to replace her, whilst Magpie still does a roaring trade, to her own temporary advantage, but eternal disgrace, and also succeeds, with her numerous sisters in vice, in keeping all decent people away from the neighbourhood.

* * *

Would it not be better if the guardians of the peace were to pay a little more attention to these harlots, rather than let their valuable time be occupied in interfering with "Our Boys," who are trying to earn a honest living by vending *London Life*, which brings these disgraceful scenes to public notice.

* * *

I am going the round of the law courts shortly, and the readers of *London Life* may expect some startling disclosures about the buffoons and idiots who have sometimes to hold the scales of justice.

* * *

It would be a good thing if the Inspector of Weights and Measures could inspect Miss Justice's scales. She doesn't know, poor thing, how often there's a good heavy penny fastened underneath against the purchaser.

* * *

They tell me that Helen Barry is not so fond of rolls for breakfast as she used to be some little time since. Possibly she has found one a little too "crusty." She ought to be aware of the fact that old rolls usually are so.

* * *

The continued wet weather has induced some farmers to turn their cattle among the wheat, which is utterly spoilt, and make manure of what ought to have been corn. Sad but true!

* * *

Quite true, as the clown saw for himself in travelling through Hertfordshire, Warwickshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire; everywhere the same sad pitiful tale from the farmers.

* * *

The same story from Randolph Cook and Bob Arthur on the banks of the Dee, now a swollen river, hindering the passage of boats and upsetting the arrangements of the boating fraternity.

* * *

Nothing to be done but lounge about the old-fashioned town of Chester, and drop into the bars and have a chat with Frank Tasker, who can tell you the news of the town.

* * *

Who's Griffiths? a safe man. Ask him if he has found his "quarry."

* * *

No doubt he will tell you to enquire of the Duke of Westminster.

* * *

Jester sincerely hopes that his grace, who is ever ready to help and assist in any scheme to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, will carry out his project of a recreation ground for the use of the children of Chester.

* * *

I would suggest to the ex-comedian at the Boot Factory, Bristol, to be a little more cautious in his conduct the next time he takes a trip to Plymouth with his lady-love. I do not think he meant any impropriety; but to hug and squeeze, and kiss a young tender girl behind the curtains of a railway carriage is rather bold; some would think dangerous.

* * *

I may be permitted to say that it does not look quite respectable of a certain popular comic of Bristol, to be doing a heavy lush in a little cabin, on board a penny steamer, with a very loose woman of Tower Lane.

* *

"A KEPT WOMAN."—There is a young lady of dashing appearance, who hails from Bessborough Gardens, but has now fixed her abode in Gloucester Street, Pimlico, whose extensive turnsout have lately attracted considerable attention in the neigbourhood. She may be seen daily mounting her horse *en route* for Rotten Row, and cabs are, more or less, always waiting at her door, so large is her circle of acquaintances. She is protected by some wealthy friend, who has taken a house for her at £85 a year, but the people to whom the house belongs, prefer getting a rich harvest out vice rather than a decent rent from a respectable tenant, who after being there for years has been forced to vacate his old home, as his rent would have been raised to an alarming extent. This would not have been the case had poor C. been alive. Such things are carried on under the cloak of religion. The lady's infidelities are well known to every one except her poor deluded friend, whom she bleeds pretty freely of money. A certain J. M., of Albermarle Street, had better take care, as more is known concerning him and his doings than he would like to have generally known.

"Ce n'est qu'un accident de l'amour?" observed the irrepressible Sarah when some pure and spotless dame asked her to explain the presence of a son and the absence of a husband, and the epigram amongst people of taste and virtue will, doubtless, be ample justification for the absence of a marriage certificate.

* * *

I was present at the private view of Sarah's paintings and sculptures, and saw a most amusing piece of toadyism. Coming down the stairs I met a lady well-known in society for the abundance of her wealth and the scarcity of her h's. I ventured to enquire if she had had an opportunity of speaking to the fair hostess.

* * *

"Oh, I shouldn't think of entering into conversation with a woman 'oo parades 'er contempt for Christian observances in that way," replied the good creature, referring to the unfortunate *fils de de joie*. "One can patronise genius, but not immorality."

* * *

Thinking that it was not unlikely that this effusion of virtue was more due to the "sourness of the grapes" than to genuine Christianity, I had the curiosity to look into the salon some fifteen minutes later, and there sure enough was my "professor of morals," grovelling to Sarah with effusive and ungrammatical adulations over a fifth rate daub. An opportunity of an introduction and exeunt scruples.

* * *

The *Brighton Dolphin* says, in its last issue, that Lawrence and the Reporter have been trying to identify themselves in the cartoon of last week's *London Life*. If Jester could revisit Brighton, he would call on Keast or the Hurst Barber, to ask them who designed the Dolphin by the side of the answers to correspondents, or whether it was copied from life in the Aquarium; also, if similar *very* odd fish will be found in the summer number. And who provided the wood, was it the barber's pole cut down?

* * *

The statue of Nelson in Trafalgar Square, viewed from the steps of Morley's Hotel, presents a picture unequalled by any pack of cards bought in Holywell Street. Call upon the Society for the Suppression of Vice to take him up, for the example he sets is not a good one for children.

* * *

Two gentlemen, a lady, and her husband were amusing themselves one evening after tea by placing a hat at one end of the room and pitching cards into it from the other. The gentlemen wanting an excuse for leaving the room, asked permission to go and find a larger hat, pleading that the one in use was too small.

* * *

On their return after a rather protracted absence *without a hat*, the lady remarked, "Well, you've been long enough, I'm sure. I came to the conclusion that you considered a hat too small, and were trying to find a pail." Smart woman that.

* * *

What was Levy about to have inserted the following, which a correspondent has kindly forwarded me:

BOOT and SHOE TRADE.—WANTED, a CLICKER. Must be capable of getting up first-class ladies, must be a good designer and pattern cutter, for a West-end bespoke and sale trade. To a competent man a good salary will be given.—Address, with all particulars, G. W. B., care of Messrs. Clark, 76, Dean-street, Soho, W.

* * *

It would be a good thing if the police were to enquire into the conduct of some of the travellers by the late omnibuses to Brompton from the Haymarket. A few nights ago I ran after one about one o'clock, and had jumped on the step before I was aware of the state of things.

* * *

Within, ten young women of very third rate appearance, evidently returning home after business in the market. On top a mixed company of men and women. Men clinging on to the steps, the door handle and the strap.

* * *

The language used was something fearful, and swearing, such as women only swear. A jovial young gentleman was singing ribald songs on the step, and exchanging compliments with the "young things" inside.

* * *

The conductor seemed to be taking all the money indiscriminately, having, I suppose, filled up his bill beforehand in anticipation. Amongst the drabs inside, I afterwards discovered a lady, who was so frightened and ashamed, that she had hidden herself in a corner. Really such things ought to be seen to.

* * *

If Major O'Gorman would only commit to paper, and send to our office, the jokes he perpetrates in the Theatre Royal St. Stephens', he would be immortalised, and certainly have the blessings of

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

The Conservatives have rallied together to keep the "Cat" in the British Army. So much the worse for the recruiting sergeants, so much the more disgraceful to the nation, and still far more disgusting to every right thinking man who loves fair play and hates brutality. I should like to see it tried upon its chief supporter in fact. "On, Stanley, on."

* * *

£100 reward for the elucidation of the Euston Square Mystery. I don't know if I'm right or not, but I fancy if my name was H. Dobbs I could soon cop that cent. of quids.

* * *

When W. B. Fair, at the Winchester, wanted to get rid of his manager without giving him his proper notice, B. Fair said to him, "I cannot 'be kind' any longer." W. Roxby replied, "I don't want you to B. Kind, I wish you to B. Fair."

* * *

Rox is consequently unshopped.

* * *

The friendly Zulus went to Wimbledon last Sunday. As it was rather wet the Duke of Cambridge kindly lent them an umbrella each.

* * *

i wish i wos a helephunt
it must bee luvly sporting
tu knok the loryers hatts abowt
and knot bee kommitted for kontemp ov coart.
(the larst lyne is tu long in feet, butt it is rite in cence).

* * *

The above was sent by my tailor. I never did intend to pay his bill, but after immortalising him by printing his poetry I expect him to forward me my account receipted.

* * *

Over the water to Holland one day last week; not to the land of dykes and schnapps, but to the Surrey Theatre in the whilom marsh, due south from Ludgate. Here I found the "New Babylon" drawing a big and appreciative house. Whatever may be said of the plot of the piece, it certainly bristles with points, and the curtain comes down at the very moment when one is agasp to know what comes next. The acting by the original company from the Duke's is most excellent. But, one day, when Time brings round the World for Yates to interview Paul Merritt, I hope, for the sake of anxious inquirers, he will get him in a corner, and make him explain this "big mix."

* * *

Squid would advise Bill Holland, before he advertises for ladies for his Barmaid Show, to give a look in at the "King's Head," the "Station Hotel," Walworth; "Walter Jones's," Albermarle Street; the "Horns;" the "Queen's Head," Queen Street, Cheapside; also "Harry Bennet's," Farringdon Street, where there is such a beauty as would draw all the boys to look at her; so take time by the forelock my Emperor of Amusements. Let these young ladies draw the beer and the champagne corks, and you will draw good houses.

* * *

"They 'Corlett' the Bird of Freedom," said a newsboy, "and the hediter is going to give away a plover's egg weekly to any old hen that hatches and brings forth short crisp pars about Labby and Levy.

* * *

This was part of a conversation I overheard in the Strand. I rushed into Smith's, and found it referred to a coloured journal just published. The front page is a glaring imitation of Grévy.

* * *

I hear that an accomplished and beautiful actress, who was to have figured in the Divorce Court, has determined upon taking a change of air, as she neither appreciates the weather, nor certain preliminary intimations as to some proceedings, which do not appear to have met with her approbation.

* * *

The "Worship of Bacchus," at the Olympic, is another moral play of the "Drink" order. Its authors are Paul Merritt and Henry Pettitt. The dialogue is what might have been expected, that is well written, and I fancy Ican trace the hand of Paul in some of the situations, especially the "El Dorado" Restaurant; an establishment of the Ah—Guileless order, where fast men and free and easy girls congregate.

* * *

The wonder is that Merritt did not introduce a real live money lender in the cast; he could easily have told one of the pros. how to dress the character. However, the twain has scored a genuine success, and shown some strange scenes of London life.

* * *

When our author, who is, and has, "Merritt," dines again at the "Cogers," I hope he will invite, to "Worship" at the shrine of "Bacchus,"

SQUIB.

ROUÉS AND LIBERTINES.

Considering how largely this class of man predominates in our great Metropolis, and the amount of direct and indirect misery and desolation which he occasions wherever he goes, it must naturally be a matter both of interest and importance to analyse his character and peculiarities, for although most people are apt to think they would recognise at once the destroyer, they are in this belief most wofully mistaken, as many a heart-broken parent and husband could testify were their secrets revealed.

Libertines are to be found in all phases of London Life, and in varied disguises, for nothing can be more delusive than the idea, so generally entertained than that they are all moulded as it were in one type, and are of one order.

It is quite true, however, that by far the greater majority are to be seen amongst the upper walks of life, and also that "officers and gentlemen," are always to be found amid their foremost ranks, as, having money and time at their disposal, all that is evil has ample time and opportunity for development.

Men of this stamp consider that every woman they come across, no matter who, is "fair game," and will not scruple for one instant to betray their dearest friend, if by so doing they can gain their fell purpose. Never believing in any woman's virtue is one of their leading ideas, and upon these premises are based the arts and vices which they adopt in turn, until success crowns their vile efforts.

Every pretty woman they happen to meet, maid, wife, or widow, is one and the same to them, and with the pertinacity of the bloodhound hunt down their poor victim, who is then cast off and left to her fate, and be that what it may, it is a matter of utter indifference to the gay Lothario, whose only wish then is to get rid of what he is already wearied with, and again to search for a new adventure.

It is indeed surprising that they do not more often meet with their deserts at the hands of the avenger whose home and happiness they have blighted.

In the old days such men often paid their lives as forfeits, for the dishonour they had wrought, but in modern times the Divorce Court is their only dread, for co-respondents' costs are no trifle.

Now and again, it is true, one hears of cases where the relative of the betrayed and forsaken one has not been content with his legal remedy, but has, without hesitation, destroyed the destroyer; a noble earl was not so very long since murdered, and rumour says that his violent death was not altogether unconected with some amorous adventures among his tenants, and later on the "Ruined Home" told another sad tale of a libertine's work. The accomplished roué has, from his youth upwards, but one leading characteristic, and that is unbounded admiration for the fair sex, but unfortunately at the same time a craving desire to possess the, for the time being, special object of his passion, regardless of every other consideration. He permits nothing to stand in his way, and by a course of flattering lies and fiendish deceit, eventually succeeds. Fickleness is a second nature to them for no matter how beautiful a woman may be, a few short weeks or months at most are sufficient to make them desirous of forsaking what so lately with burning eagerness they pursued. Selfish to an intense degree, unstable as water, and for such men women sacrifice what they should hold dearer than life. The same vows of undying constancy and devoted love are poured from one ear into another, and woe to the unfortunate believer in the seductive representations so highly coloured and so skilfully applied.

It is comparatively easy to guard against the professed libertine, for many there are now in society who glory in their success in *affairs de cœur*, concerning which it is quite usual to hear them boast; but there is another class by far more dangerous, whose outward lives and reputations are all one could desire, and who with consummate address utilize their good character to further sinister designs marked with the deepest hypocrisy and villainy. One daily meets in London Life with apparently kind and fatherly old gentlemen, who take quite a paternal interest in some pretty young wife whose beauty has inflamed all that is bad. With fox-like cunning they play their game, but with such masterly skill that seldom, if ever, are they detected in their evil purpose, or revealed in their true colours. Suspicion against them would seem really almost too absurd, and when even warned of the growing intimacy, the fair one's relatives scout the very idea as ridiculous. So is it to be wondered at that they so seldom appear in their true colours!

Recent disclosures have proved, beyond all doubt, the amount of immorality disguised in the confessional.

What wolf in sheep's clothing could be more vile than he, who under the garb of a Holy Order, is a libertine of the worst form.

Husbands and fathers would do well not to forget that in many cases medical men have not acted with the high sense which their calling demands. More libertines are to be found in the disciples of Esculapius than the generality of people would believe,

Can the usual success of Roués be wondered at when one comes to reflect upon the amount of time and money which they devote to their ruling passion. Clever, selfish, and utterly unprincipled adepts in the art of flattery, which is the keystone of most women's good graces, gradually, but with unerring precision and cool calculation, they set about winning the love of some innocent girl, and then basely endeavour to compass her ruin.

Daily we see confirmed libertines and roués of the worst description promenading with refined and virtuous girls, and the society of these men must, more or less, have a contaminating effect, but mothers of the present day, unfortunately, are blind to the libertine's faults a long as they are disguised by wealth

In fact, a reputation of a questionable nature seems rather to be admired now-a-days in London Life, and thus it is that so many a fair one is betrayed, in her turn, by the gay deceiver.

The time comes, however, sooner or later, when the man of pleasure reaps his well merited punishment, for, as years go on, his constitution generally begins to show signs of giving way, and he eventually becomes one of the most miserable beings alive, for, as his desire increases, so does his physical power decline, until, at last, he survives the power of enjoyment, which is, perhaps, the greatest curse he could endure.

His poor victims, on the other hand quickly find that they have forsaken the highest estate for a man who is incapable of any pure affection, who, when satiated, instantly deserts her whom he swore so earnestly to love and cherish for ever.

Who are the countless women nightly to be seen in our great city, whose hollow laugh seems to chill our very blood with disgust? They did not make themselves what they are, the most abandoned and degraded of womankind.

They are the end of the libertine's work, for had

they not once yielded to the soft persuasions of, in most cases, some "officer and gentleman," how different would have been their position.

Other scoundrels have been so frequently exposed, in courts of justice, but seldom, comparatively speaking is such the fate of the roué, against whom, in his many forms and numerous disguises, husbands and fathers cannot be too careful, and by fully comprehending their character, may be, to say the least of it, in a better position to anticipate and defeat the nefarious designs of the libertines.

MENTOR.

BOOZE ON THE Q.T.

Whilst we are legislating wholesale to suppress the vice of drunkenness amongst the lower classes, whilst we are fining Tom, Dick and 'Arry five shillings a time for going out on the booze, and considerately giving Sal Scroggings six months as a testimonial on the occasion of her two hundreth "Drunk and Disorderly," we forget that we have secret tipplers and big boozers in every class of society.

From Mrs. Guelph on the throne to Lady Holdtom in Park Lane, the bane of home tippling descends through every class until it reaches the domicile of Moll Flanders, who does the ironing for Mrs. Jones's laundry. All these ladies (high or low) are supposed to belong to the almost teetotal classes. The great shame, the big disgrace, is that your secret tippler, as a rule, pretends to temperance, and villifies every moderate drinker.

Whilst all England wonders what the first lady of the land is doing to cause those continual fits of illness which incapicitates her from doing the work for which she is paid the third of a million per annum, rumours (probably untrue) are afloat that the cause is whiskey.

Several Republican papers have spread this scan al and it only requires the appearance of Her Majesty a little more frequently amongst us to refute this imputation, which I hope and trust is a foul lie.

Leaving palaces and entering mansions, we undoubtedly find secret tippling being carried on to a disgraceful extent. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, who was probably a brewer's daughter, naturally "copped the brewer" in her younger days. Lady C. V. de V. has plenty of time upon her hands, she has also a husband who thinks far more about the beauties of the Glitter Theatre than he does about his own legitimate Clara. Consequently Clara frets first, scolds afterwards, and concludes by keeping her own spirits up by putting spirits down.

Lady Clara (and there are hundreds of them) has her own private liqueur case, and imbibes her "drops" at continual periods throughout the day in a manner that would astonish many of the gin-drinking fags who infest the pubs in the purlieus of Drury Lane. The only difference is this, that Lady Clara requires the assistance of Sir Francis Tubbs, M.R.C.S., and Mag Moggings gets seven days at Bow Street.

Lady Clara's husband probably objects to being in possession of a wife who is utterly useless to him, and stops the supplies of brandy, rum, and gin, but she (Clara) manages to circumvent him. There is a beautiful scent that is known as Eau de Cologne, which Lady Clara procures from her perfumers. The ladies who grace (or disgrace) our nobility get filthily drunk on this substitute for what the savage Indian calls "fire water."

One half of the divorce cases that disgrace not only our nobility but poor old England, emanate from the undoubted habit of quiet boozing that is habitually resorted to by numerous ladies of title and position. Not only do divorce cases arise from the evil, but far worse.

The "Bravo case" was probably the greatest example of how respectable (?) people booze on the Q.T. Not only was this enormously big scandal allowed to sully the name of all its principal actors, but even after the terrible affair itself, Mrs. B. continued the habit until it eventuated in her death.

Our readers only want to look at the agony column in the *D. T.* or the *Times* to see that Tom Smith advertises that he will not be responsible for Mrs. Smith's (his wife's) debts. The reason is, that Nelly Smith boozes—boozes through that new institution of selling spirits at the grocer's shops.

Nelly used at one time to purchase her half-pound of two-and-eight Moning Souchong Pekin Congou, her pound of lump, and her two of moist, and carry them home in the bag to meet Smith, who was waiting on Saturday night to go out and buy the Sunday beef and brocoli. But since Nellie has been pestered by the grocers to take their splendid gin at two shillings and fourpence per bottle she is in a state, of an evening, that so disgusts Smith that he goes out and gets publicly tight, whilst his wife finishes up with the same business privately at home.

It is an unfortunate thing for this country that the love of drink is so extreme. Even our Prime Minister's favourite food is champagne jelly—of necessity made from one of the most intoxicating wines. Lord ——— retired from our ministry through an extra drop.

If we want to get at the real dipso-maniacs (tipsy maniacs) we have only to get at our very highest classes, but whilst the men do it openly the women do it secretly. Another class who are great secret tipplers are chemist's assistants. I only yesterday met with a ragged, dissipated fellow who is lodging in a common lodging house in the neighbourhood of Fetter Lane, and at the price of a few glasses of bitter ale, I procured from him most undisputable proofs that many assistants, who have the responsibility of making up prescriptions, which simply mean life or death, are often in a state of beastly drunkenness, worse than they would be from a fair, honest boose at the Crown and Cockroach. *Their* favorite liqueur is Tinc. Cardamons. A more intoxicating drop of stuff for the purposes of private drinking has never yet been invented.

The object of this article is not so much to assist Sir Wilfrid Lawson in his crusade against drunkenness as it is to instil into the mind of the British public, the undoubted fact that in one house out of every hundred there is a wife who spends at least twenty-five per cent. of her husband's earnings in some kind of intoxicating drink. This in the middle circles, but as we ascend the social ladder we find ladies of title who do far worse. For a fact, I know of the Viscountess De ———, who never goes to bed before a bottle of eau de vie is placed by the side of her pillow, and it is equally a fact that in the morning the same bottle is perfectly empty, and that the lady is *non compos mentis*.

"Drink" at the Princess's Theatre is wondered and laughed at as a tragi-comedy should be, and if one half of the secret tipplers of society will take a lesson from it, there is no doubt the upper ten will be benefitted.

I am sorry to say that "Jester" will have this week to cry "peccavi," Although Jester and I are the best of friends, still, when I do find him tripping, I must own I like to get at him.

* * *

Unfortunately for Jester's prediction, unfortunately for the country, unfortunately, above all things, for those who have made a brave stand in trying to arrest the invasion, by foreigners, of their native land, we have not done with "Peace with Honour."

* * *

Would to God we had.

* * *

Chelmsford having been superseded in the chief command, seems to have determined, by accomplishing a terrible holocaust, to try and recover some of his lost laurels.

* * *

I suppose that the ultimate result of this iniquitous war will be that "our friend the enemy" will be "improved off the face of the earth."

* * *

It has been whispered to me through the key-hole, that "Chelmsford" has lately turned to piety and poetry, and immediately after the whisper, the following telegram, which had been picked up by the sweeper at the Colonial Office, followed it.

* * *

From "Chelmsford to Sir M. H. Beach."

* * *

"I wire to tell you, dearest Beach,
"How '*peace and honour*," here we preach;
"A thousand Zulus sent below;
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

* * *

Chelmsford, though pious and poetical, was here, certainly not original. Indeed, I may say that, "nothing original find you in him, excepting original sin."

* * *

Make a desert, and call it peace; exterminate a race of brave, though savage warriors, and then tell us that we have achieved "peace with honour."

* * *

Jester is wrong, we shall never have done with "peace with honour" till 1881.

* * *

No fear of Dizzy sending the present complaisant House of Commons to the right about until he is compelled to do so.

* * *

Mothers' Meetings, Industrial Exhibitions, and various tricks of a similar nature, may serve for the moment to turn the attention of the public from his nefarious transactions, especially when unsuccessful.

* * *

But the minute his schemes seem to meet with ever so slight an advantage, we have the old policy, "Peace with Honour," construed according to the ideas of the party now in office, brought to the front once more.

* * *

Is it not time this inquitous Zulu War was brought to an end? Not by the indiscriminate slaughter of more men, who are only doing their duty in defending their territory from foreign invasion, but by giving us different people to rule over us and our dependencies.

* * *

We shall shortly have the opportunity of obtaining this desirable result, and if we do not avail ourselves of it, we have only ourselves to blame.

* * *

Let us have men like Gladstone, Dilke, and Chamberlain taking their proper and legitimate part in the government of the country, and we shall hear no more of "Peace with Honour."

* * *

What we shall hear about will be, "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," in lieu of the the absurd bombast of the present plundering and blundering idiots, led by a wily Jew, who are now in authority over us.

"Lay not your thoughts upon earthly dross," said Balisher's pious aunt to him one evening. "Build for yourself a heavenly mansion, my dear." What's the good of that. You can't mortgage a heavenly mansion," was the reply. "Give me a good pub in Seven Dials."

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